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“MAKE way for Liberty!”—he cried;
Made way for Liberty, and died.
—*James Montgomery.*

GETTYSBURG.

AH! never shall the land forget
How gushed the life-blood of her brave,—
Gushed, warm with hope and courage yet,
Upon the soil they fought to save.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

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o Harrisburg.
o Carlisle.*

o Chambersburg.

o Gettysburg.

o Hagerstown.

o Williamsport.

o Shepherdstown.

o Frederick City.

o Harpers Ferry.

Baltimore. o

o Edwards Ferry.

o Washington.

* *About 90 miles north of Washington.*

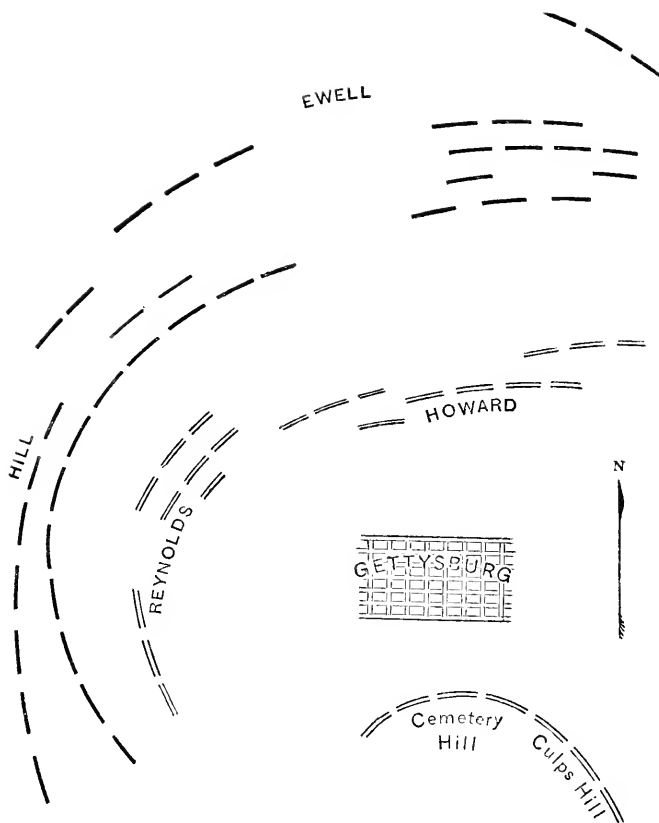
THE STORY OF THE BATTLE.

IN June, 1863, the army of Northern Virginia, divided into three corps under Longstreet, Ewell and A. P. Hill, commanded by Gen. Lee, crossed the Potomac at Williamsport and Shepherdstown and marched into Pennsylvania; a part going as far as Carlisle, the remainder halting at Chambersburg. The Union army, under Gen. Hooker, had in the meantime crossed the river at Edwards Ferry and headed towards Frederick City, Md. On the 27th inst., Hooker, having been refused the use of some ten thousand men then not needed at Harpers Ferry, tendered his resignation, which was accepted, — Gen. Meade succeeding to the command. The position was such that Meade could, by a rapid march, throw his whole force on Lee's rear, isolating him in a hostile country and cutting off his sources of supply. Lee perceiving that his movement northward could be carried no further until the army menacing his rear was routed, resolved to concentrate his whole force in the neighborhood of Gettysburg. The Union army, at that time spread over a space of thirty-five miles, was likewise concentrated to await an attack.

On the morning of July 1, Hill, whose corps was in the advance, learned that Gettysburg, from which he was distant about six miles, was occupied *Wednesday*, by a Union force. Sending back to urge *July 1.* Longstreet to hasten his march, he moved on. In the meanwhile Reynolds, who was in command of that portion of the Union army, had sent out a cavalry reconnoissance in the direction whence Hill was coming, and the forces came into

collision about two miles north-west of Gettysburg. Reynolds sent infantry to the support of his cavalry, and the action opened. He was killed in the beginning of the fight. At first the Union forces were superior, and they gained decided advantages; but in a few hours nearly the whole of Hill's corps came up from Chambersburg, and Ewell's from Carlisle, both numbering about 50,000, while their opponents were less than half as many. The Union forces were driven back through Gettysburg. Until the town was reached the retirement was comparatively deliberate and orderly; but when arrived there, being huddled in the narrow streets, subjected to a rapid fire from batteries which raked them, and the enemy's swarming infantry intent on their destruction or capture, the men fell into confusion. Their officers strove to save them by ordering them into the cross alleys. But this only added to the confusion, the men either not understanding the commands, or hoping to escape the fire of the foe, and over 1,200 were made prisoners in less than twenty minutes. The remainder took up a strong position on Cemetery hill, just south of the town, close to the village cemetery from which the hill and ridge were named.

Before the fighting began Reynolds noticed the great advantage this hill presented, and designated it as the position on which to hold his reserves, and as a rallying point in case he was forced back from the more advanced position in front of the town. One division was left here commanded by Gen. Von Steinwher, under whose direction the heaviest guns were planted on the very summit nearest the town. Around each gun he erected lunettes of such height and thickness as to defy the most powerful bolts the enemy could throw against them.

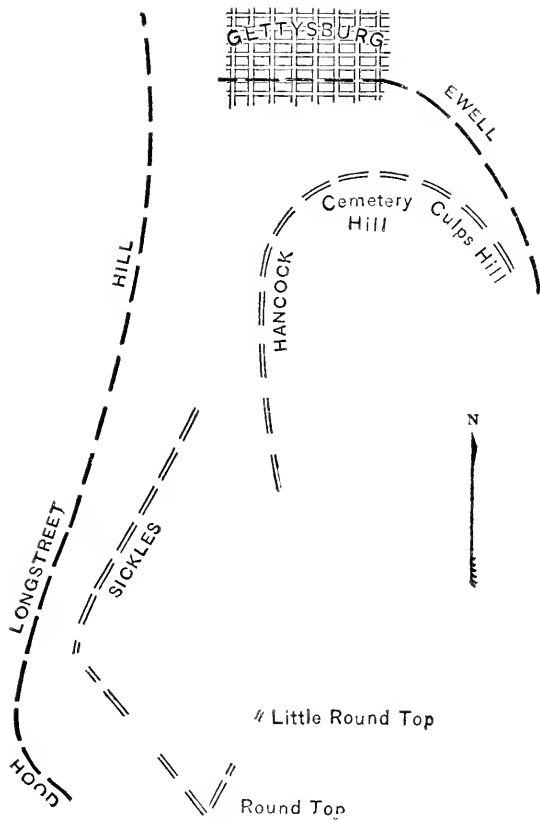


Battlefield, Wednesday, July 1.

During the night most of the Union troops that had as yet not been engaged arrived on the field; the centre of the line of the Second corps passing through the cemetery where the soldiers who had fought through the day were sleeping amid the graves. Early in the morning the bulk of the two armies was in position, that of the Union being posted on

Cemetery ridge from Round Top to
Thursday, Culp's hill. Including the cavalry upon

July 2. the two flanks the line was over five miles long. The Confederates were just opposite on Seminary ridge with their left bent round through the town to the foot of Culp's hill; the length of their line being more than seven miles. The forces present, or near at hand, were about equal; each numbering from 70,000 to 80,000 infantry and artillery. Meade had intended that his line should be posted on the ridge directly between Round Top and Cemetery hill. But this ridge, in the centre where Sickles was placed, is comparatively low, sinking down into a valley a few hundred yards wide, beyond which rises another wooded crest running diagonally to the former, and Sickles supposed this to be the one which he was to occupy. When the error was discovered there was no time to correct it, and Meade decided to support him in his present position, although it left an unoccupied space between him and Round Top. As it happened, Hood's division of Longstreet's corps struck this opening. Moreover, by some mischance, Little Round Top had been left unoccupied, and this was the key to the entire Union position, for if the enemy could seize this and place a few guns upon it, the whole line would be enfiladed. The Confederates perceived this, and began to swarm up its rugged sides. But, just in time, Warren, who as engineer



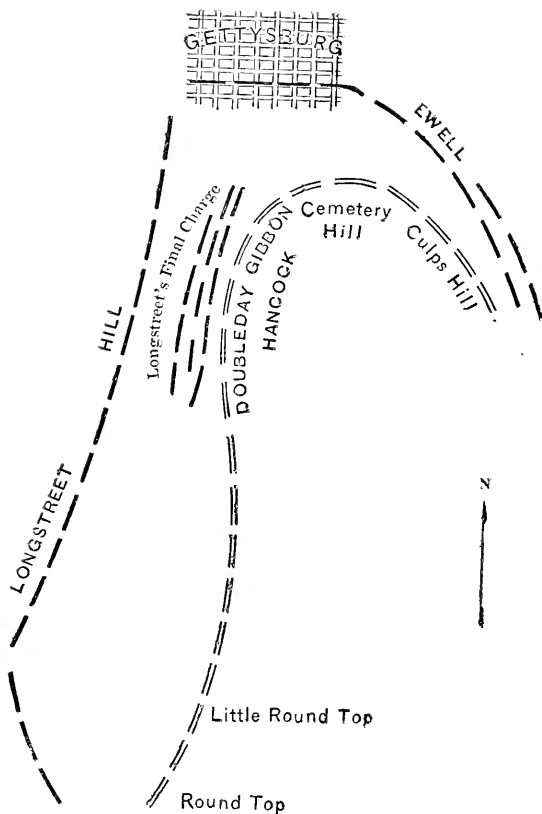
Battlefield, Thursday, July 2.

was examining the line, discovered the error and brought up a few regiments. They reached the summit a moment ahead of the enemy, and drove them back. Again and again, until night fall, this assault was unsuccessfully renewed. In the meantime the remainder of Longstreet's corps was pressing fiercely upon Sickles, who was soon borne from the field with his leg shattered. His corps made a stubborn resistance, but was forced back until it reached the ground he should have occupied, where a new line was formed. The Confederates charged this, but were met with a fire from which they recoiled. Hancock, who now commanded the centre, ordered a counter-charge, by which the enemy were compelled to retreat to the ridge previously occupied by Sickles, which they continued to hold. The withdrawal of troops from Culp's hill, to support Sickles and Hancock, enabled Ewell to get within the Union entrenchments at that point.

Soon after daybreak Ewell was forced from the foothold he had gained the previous day. The remainder of the morning was spent in preparation.

Seminary ridge formed an admirable position for the Confederate artillery, and here, *Friday, July 3.* directly in front of the Union line they planted 150 guns. A great part of Cemetery ridge is so rugged that artillery could not be placed there; so that although Meade had 200 guns, he could use but 80 at a time.

At about one o'clock the enemy, having perfected all his plans, made the attack. Silence, for more than two hours, had reigned, when, of a sudden, 150 guns were run to the front. For an instant the air was filled with a hissing, bursting, fiery cloud, and a torrent descended on its death-dealing mission upon the long lines of living crouched below. The Union guns



Battlefield, Friday, July 3.

made fitting reply. Notwithstanding every precaution had been taken to shelter the Union troops, the destruction was terrible. Men were torn limb from limb, and blown to atoms. In the neighborhood of Meade's headquarters the shells were exploding at the rate of two in a second, often six in a second. After two hours the Chief of the Union artillery gradually suspended fire "to see what the enemy were going to do." Lee, supposing that the Union batteries had been silenced and that the infantry were demoralized, ordered the grand attack of the day. The attacking column, exclusive of a brigade that did not fairly advance, numbered about eighteen thousand men, the most of whom were Virginia veterans who had as yet not been engaged. Lee had intended to advance his artillery to support his infantry, but found at the last moment that his ammunition was nearly exhausted and there was no time to replenish it. The column moved swiftly down the slope and across the plain; all the Union batteries opened upon them, ploughing great furrows through their lines which were closed up as fast as made; still they pressed on until one brigade was within three hundred yards of Hancock's line, which had reserved its fire. In five minutes the whole brigade was streaming back in wild disorder.

The other division marched on until it reached Gibbon's front line, thinly posted behind a low stone wall; they charged straight over this among the Federal batteries, and for a quarter of an hour there was a struggle with pistols and clubbed muskets. Confederate flags waved upon the wall within the Union line. The Union troops hurried from all sides and drove them back down the slope which was completely covered by musketry and artillery; to advance, retreat or stand still was alike impossible; the men flung them-

selves on the ground holding up their hands in token of surrender. In the few moments during which the contest lasted, by far the greater part of that gallant division had disappeared. Four thousand five hundred of them were prisoners, many more were wounded, and a vast number were dead.

During the night Lee concentrated his force behind the crest of Seminary ridge, probably expecting an attack. In the morning Meade called a council of war at which it was decided to "remain a day and await the development of the enemy's plan." Before night a heavy storm had set in, under cover of which Lee began his retreat toward the Potomac, leaving a strong rear guard to defend the passes through the mountains. The train was seventeen miles long when drawn out on the road, and from every wagon issued wails of agony. Very few of the wounded had received adequate surgical aid, many had been without food for thirty-six hours, and they were going rapidly in wagons without springs, through a mountainous country. He reached the river, 40 miles distant, on the 7th, the stream, which he had crossed almost dryshod a fortnight before, was now swollen by unusually heavy rains, and unfordable. A bridge which he had flung across had been destroyed by a cavalry dash from Harpers Ferry, and he had no alternative but to intrench himself and await an attack or the falling of the waters. Meade advanced slowly by a much longer route, and on the 12th came in front of the Confederate intrenchments. He called a council of war, which, against his opinion, voted to postpone the attack until reconnoissances had been made. On the evening of the 13th an order was issued for an advance the next morning, but when day broke the enemy had disappeared. A slight bridge had been constructed and the

river had fallen so as to be fordable at a single point. Two corps crossed by the bridge the other by the ford. The stream was still at high tide, and the men found much difficulty in stemming it ; but they linked arms, and thus interlaced and steadied, forded the river in mass, nearly shoulder deep, with the loss of but three men.

The Union loss was 2,834 killed, 13,713 wounded, and 6,643 missing. The best estimates put the Confederate loss at 5,000 killed, 23,000 wounded and 8,000 unwounded prisoners.

The work of interring 9,000 dead, and removing to comfortable quarters and caring for 20,000 wounded, was a herculean task. The Confederates had left the most of their unburied on the field as also a large number of their badly wounded. The number of surgeons was limited although increased by volunteers from the North, and their task so great that 't is narrated in some instances the operators had to be supported while performing the operation, and fainted from exhaustion when finished.

The men were buried everywhere, when convenient in clusters of ten, twenty, fifty or more ; but so great was the number and such the advanced state of decomposition of those that had been dead for several days, that they could not be removed, and were buried in slight ditches, in the fields or gardens, or by the roadside, just where they were found. Some fields contain hundreds of these graves, and in one, in the vicinity of Little Round Top, lie four hundred Confederate soldiers.

—*From Appleton's Cyclopaedia and Bates' History of the Battle of Gettysburg.*

THE NATIONAL CEMETERY.

ACTING under the instruction of Gov. Curtin of Pennsylvania, a plot of seventeen acres of land, situated on Cemetery hill adjoining the village cemetery, the scene of some of the most terrific fighting, was purchased, the title of which was vested in the State of Pennsylvania in trust for all the States having dead buried there. In laying out the grounds a semi-circular form was adopted, the head of each body pointing towards a common centre—the site of the monument.

The work of disinterring and re-interring the Union dead was begun October 27, 1863, and completed in about five months. Many bodies then in unmarked graves were identified by means of papers, letters, photographs, etc., and marks found on their clothing. More than 3,000 graves of Confederate soldiers were examined in this search. The cemetery was dedicated Nov. 19, 1863. The oration was delivered by Edward Everett and an address by President Lincoln.

States represented and the number of their dead :—

Maine.....	104	Maryland.....	22
New Hampshire	49	West Virginia...	11
Vermont.....	61	Ohio.....	131
Massachusetts .	158	Indiana.....	80
Rhode Island..	14	Illinois.....	6
Connecticut ...	22	Michigan.	175
New York.....	867	Wisconsin	73
New Jersey....	78	Minnesota.....	56
Pennsylvania..	535	U. S. Regs....	139
Delaware	15	Unknown.....	979

Total.....3,575

SOLDIER, REST !

SOLDIER, rest ! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking :
Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.
In our isle's enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest ! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more ;
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
Armor's clang, or war-steed champing.
Trump nor pibroch summon here
Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.
Yet the lark's shrill fife may come
At the daybreak from the fallow,
And the bittern sound his drum,
Booming from the sedgy shallow.
Ruder sounds shall none be near,
Guards nor warders challenge here ;
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
Shouting clans or squadrons stamping.

ADDRESS.

FOURSCORE and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth on this continent, a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now, we are engaged in a great civil war testing whether that nation, or any nation, so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting-place for those, who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far, so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead, we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion, that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

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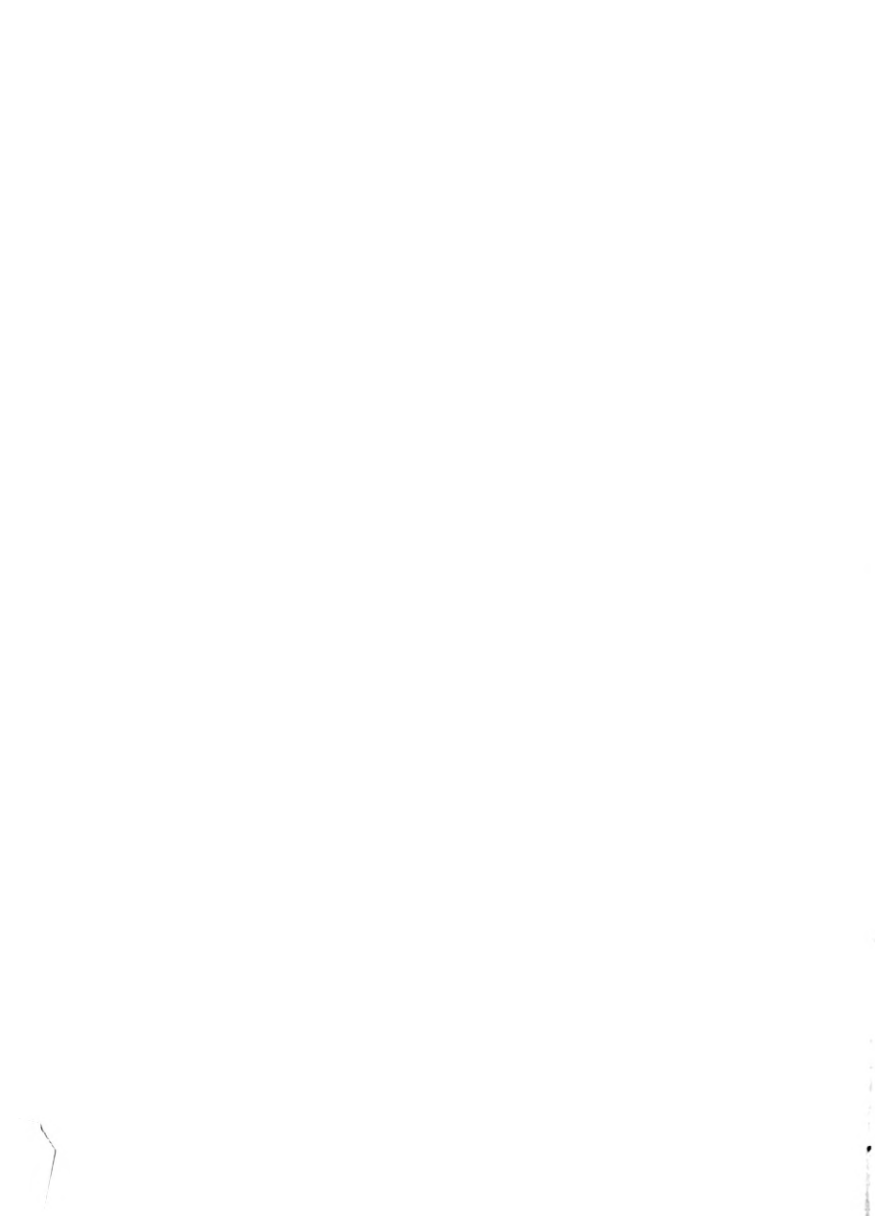
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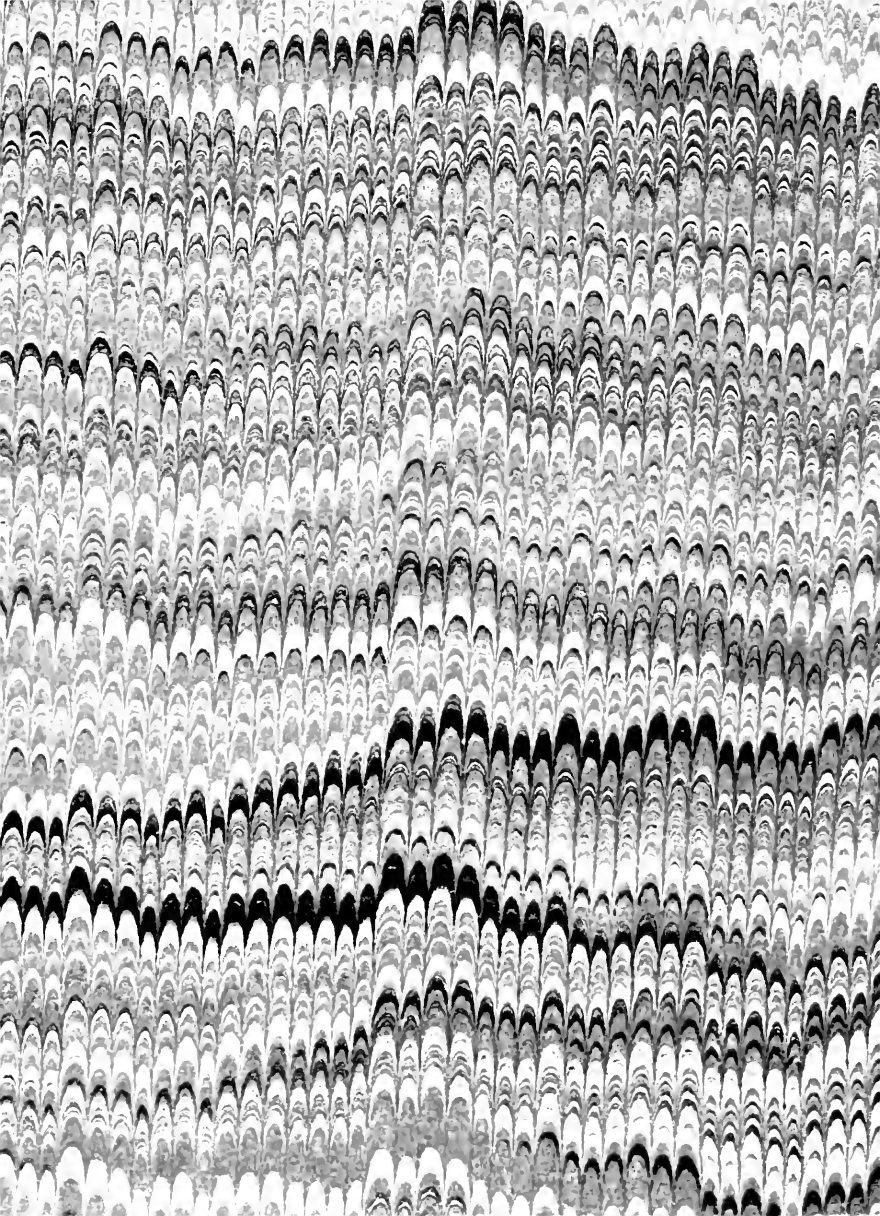
Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given,
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet !
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us !

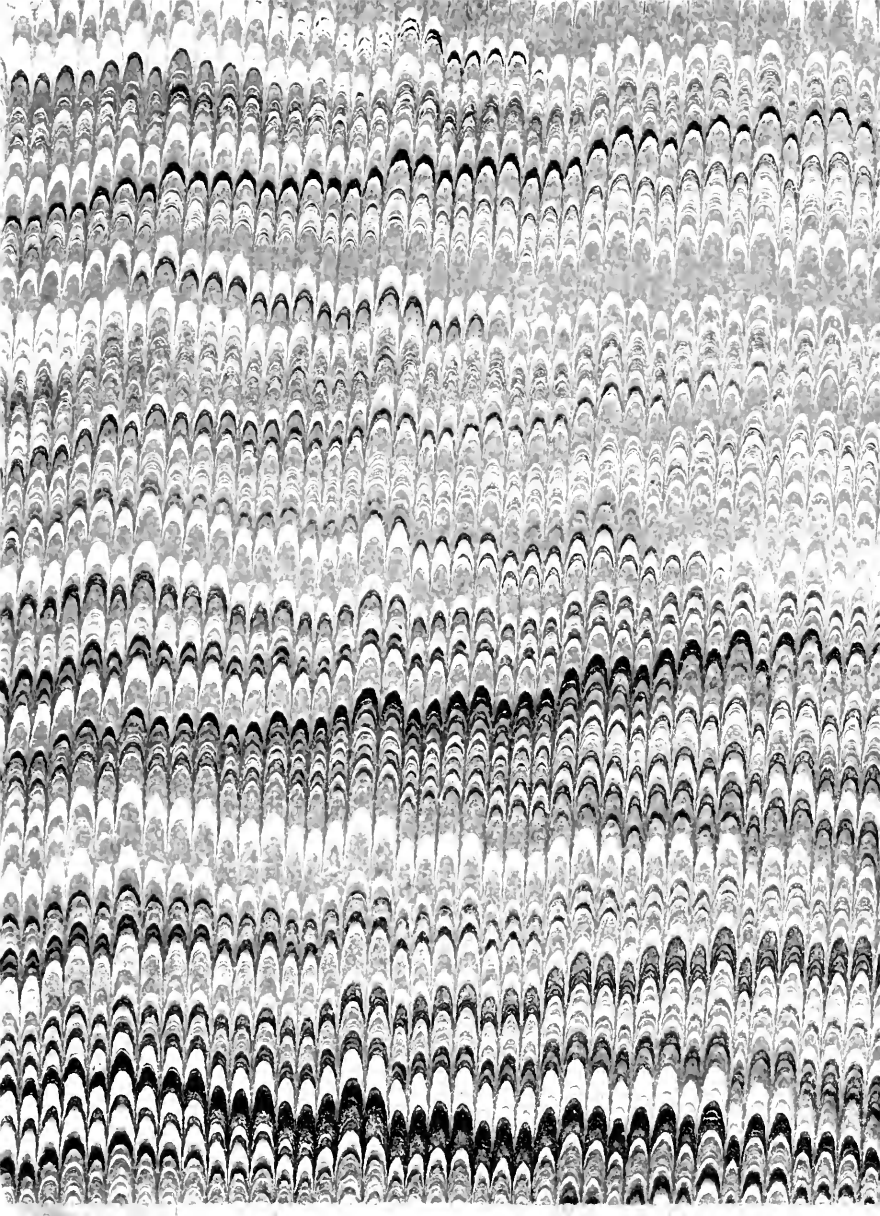
Kilbourne Tompkins,
79 Cedar Street, New York.
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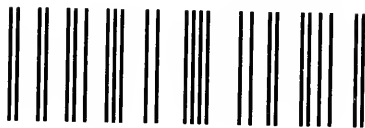








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